

## The Coming Day

At first it was a thin thin line  
Across the Eastern sky,  
And due to it great visions came  
Into my minds deep eye.

Ah, yes, within that line I see  
The sun begins to rise,  
It heralds an approaching day  
When all within me dies.

For what a morning that shall be  
No sultry sun shines then,  
For I shall be on heaven's shore  
Where joys shall never end.

For here earth's joys they ebb and flow  
Just like the ocean waves,  
But I shall sing God's endless love  
Of Christ alone who saves.

To dwell amid celestial hosts  
Where saints immortal dwell,  
The highest vaults of heaven ring  
God's grace forever tell.

There'll be no sorrow, gloom or fear  
Sweet peace and calm sublime,  
Shall permeate that blissful shore  
And Oh! what rest is mine.

Ah! here on earth there comes a time  
The sun sinks in the west,  
But in that land of heavenly bliss  
I shall forever rest.

No sin shall ever enter in  
Nor animosity,  
We all shall bless the Son of God  
Who suffered on the tree.

He surely suffered in my stead  
He bore the curse for me,  
And in that land of endless bliss  
I'll live eternally.

*Rowan Jennings  
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